

## THE POWERLESS PRELATE

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, A TEXT FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

Silenced by the Church of Which He Was Once a Master Mind He Now Ekes a Living in Poverty.

New York, October 12.—The Star makes the startling statement that Mr. Thomas John Capel is living in abject poverty at San Francisco, tabbed by fashionable society and his priestly functions taken away from him by his church. It is stated in addition that he is dependent entirely upon his pen for the necessities of life, and has devoted himself exclusively to literary work.

In San Francisco he did just what he had previously done in New York—borrowed money whenever he could and from whomsoever would lend it. At times, it is said, his condition is pitiable in the extreme, but his friends hope he will be better off. He is now in receipt of a tolerably fair income from his pen, and is able to live without charity. This state of affairs has been brought about by one said failing which the eminent divine has in common with many other men of genius—a partiality for the fluid which lubricates the wheels of the brain.

The case of Mr. Capel has been a particularly brilliant one. He was one of the foremost churchmen in England and an exceedingly popular in English society, of which he was a distinguished ornament. To a magnificent presence he added a charmingly easy manner, which never failed to impress the most casual observer and give him that magnetic power over men, which he turned to the advantage of his church. The task of converting to his faith people in high station was the one great mission of his life, and he succeeded to a degree. He was a social king, and was warmly welcomed everywhere. He accomplished wonders in his way, but it was not with some concern, even in his early days, that he was developing a taste for the wine cup. No great harm, however, came of it until the time he established the great Catholic public school at Kensington in 1873. He entered that enterprise with the greatest enthusiasm, borrowed extensively to carry out the project, and contracted debts which he was never able to pay. The school did not prove a success, and the matter so preyed on his mind, it is said, that he partook heavily of wine. The habit grew upon him, and fell under the observation of Cardinal Newman. A conference with that reverend gentleman brought about a temporary reformation in the monsignor's habits.

About two and a half years ago he arrived in this country, and society threw open its doors to him. He was the social lion of the hour, and no company seemed complete without his presence. He was the great English Catholic, and no attention seemed too great for him. He had received a special dispensation from the Pope, was free from all religious restraint, and acknowledged supremacy to no one save the cardinal. He had a mission to work out, and he was permitted to accomplish it on his peculiar lines. His mission here was the conversion of prominent society people, and he succeeded almost as well as he did in England. Among those who succumbed to his personal magnetism and forcible logic was Col. George Bliss. The conversion of the doughty Colonel was looked upon as something marvelous by those who enjoyed his friendship, and Mr. Capel rose still higher in the estimation of his associates.

Ever since his arrival in this country, Mr. Capel has been almost continuously the guest of distinguished people of different parts of the country. To their sorrow they had noticed the fact that his potatoes became more frequent as time went on, and finally it attracted the attention of the late Cardinal McCloskey. The cardinal suspended him, and took away from him his priestly functions. That was about a year ago, and from that time forward his life seemed to hang over the fortunes of the distinguished divine. It lowered and completely enveloped him when he appeared in an intoxicated condition at the famous dinner of the police captains at Belmont's shortly after. After that dinner some of the guests, with a poor idea of what constituted practical joking, brought Mr. Capel to the residence of a lady who had not the entire to fashionable society, and spent some time in social enjoyment. How long he would have staid is a matter of conjecture, but a servant girl who had the highest regard for her mistress, called him out in the hallway and whispered to him that the mansion was no place for Catholic clergymen. Thoroughly frightened at the dilemma in which he was placed, he left the house and returned to the residence of the lady for her kindly services. The affair came to the ears of the late Cardinal McCloskey, and he, it is said, advised him to leave New York at his earliest convenience.

He did leave, but society had shut its doors upon him before that event. This was not the end of his persecutions, but for a graver offense. A case of hospitality was urged against him. It was charged that he had not kept his word in returning large sums of money he had borrowed, and most serious of all, that he tempted and almost succeeded in seducing two or three young ladies of an excellent family whose guests he was, over whom he exerted an extraordinary influence, to yield up their inheritance. The scheme was detected just as it was almost consummated, and the monsignor was shown the door. The story soon spread among the elite, and after that he was coldly greeted and avoided, and eventually ostracized from society. He wanted the young ladies' fortunes to pay his debts in England and to build up the school in which he still had an absorbing interest.

Unable longer to eke a living in New York with honor or profit, Mr. Capel went lecturing through the West, and settled down finally in San Francisco. The story of his career in New York had, however, preceded him, and society gave him the cold shoulder. He then manfully set to work and is now among the writers who earn their bread by the exercise of their intellect.

no business capacity whatever, and incurs debts which he has no means of liquidating. Of all the money which he has received in the course of his eventful career, he has not retained a dollar for his own use, but has spent it for the benefit of his church. For that church his admiration is boundless and his devotion to it unimpaired.

A Reporter's Memory of the Father Priest.

A writer in the Washington Post has this to say of Mr. Capel today: "He was much honored in New York, and died in New York. I called on him at the aristocratic Hotel Brunswick. He had an elegant suit of rooms for which he must have paid at least \$20 a day, and their equipments more. He was recorded with the taste of a Sybarite than an Anchorite. He talked freely and pleasantly, and when I told him that I wanted to interview him for the Chicago Tribune, he graciously set out pens and paper, and apparently two sorts of ink, the lighter of which I shortly discovered to be wine-Lachryma Christi. He led me to the mirror and showed me his invasions of dinner, neck up and around. He was engaged to lecture that evening in Chickering Hall, and should go thence onward. A handsome man—a very handsome man, I reflected, looking at him across the table as he talked. Large, comely in face and form, no skipping anywhere, large expressive eyes, a shapely nose (which is a gift as rare as genius), full lips, a decided cleavage of the chin, round cheeks, ripe with color, and over all a shock of brown hair. I met Mr. Capel again under peculiar circumstances. It was on a winter night, nearly two years ago. About midnight I walked into Capt. Williams's police station on West Thirtieth street. The sergeant at the desk and the captain and several policemen in front of the desk were shoving with suppressed laughter. In the corner of the room a man and a woman, who had got drunk and fought, two policemen who had arrested them and Mr. Capel. It was a cold night, and the prelate had the collar of his black overcoat turned up around his throat, and over that was tied a silken scarf. He was interrogating two men, and in the warmth of the interview he tilted his sleek silk hat away from the back of his head. The prisoners were both fair specimens of the toughest class that Capt. Williams and his men have to handle. Mr. Capel lectured the pair until he was completely exhausted, and the matter so preyed on his mind, it is said, that he partook heavily of wine. The habit grew upon him, and fell under the observation of Cardinal Newman. A conference with that reverend gentleman brought about a temporary reformation in the monsignor's habits.

Another Leaf From Capel's Life.

San Francisco special to St. Louis Globe Democrat: The somewhat pronounced flutter of excitement caused by the advent of Mr. Capel, the celebrated Catholic priest, to this coast on a lecturing tour about a year ago, was augmented to still greater degree by his sudden disappearance a couple of months later. Everybody wondered what could have become of him, but no one could tell. It seemed as though the great churchman had departed altogether from the haunts of man. The matter finally dropped into a sort of domestic happenings which seemed to be entirely forgotten. The male prisoner had kicked his wife at home, and had tried to knock her down in the station house, but the monsignor took them in hand. He reconciled the quarrel, overcame the bitter feeling, made the intoxicated pair kiss each other to the great amusement of the select party of spectators. He then obtained their release and sent them clattering away home, arm-in-arm, and laughing boisterously.

REMOVED TO CALIFORNIA.

A child, a boy named Pio, was born to them the first year. Four years later they removed to California to settle down on a ranch, which she secured in exchange for a piece of San Francisco real estate decided to her by her father several years before. Her husband had considerable money of his own and stocked the ranch with a fine lot of thoroughbred horses and cattle, besides purchasing several hundred acres of land adjoining her own place. Everything prospered very luxuriously for awhile, then she said her husband cruelly treated her by refusing to recognize her Catholic inclinations and consent to be reconciled according to the rites of that church. Their marriage had been performed by a civil magistrate only and did not satisfy her. Finally she left Valencia on the 1st of August, 1884, and went to Santa Cruz, while he came to this city. On the following month she commenced a suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty above described, which was tried in May, and decided against her on the 3d of July, 1885. Shortly after this she returned to the ranch with her son and sent for her parents and her brother, George McCauley, to come and live with her. The management of the ranch was entrusted to an old Sacramento lawyer, who also made headquarters at the ranch. Evil tongues soon connected this lawyer's name with her own, and sent scandalous reports to her husband, who was making her life a burden with his unfounded charges of infidelity.

A TROUBLESOME BROTHER.

Her brother, too, was causing her much trouble on account of his recent marriage. After much persuasion she succeeded in getting her brother to leave his wife and return to his family, but she did not know how long he would remain content that way. Capel, of course, offered his most heartfelt sympathy and promised Mrs. Valencia all the aid that lay in his power. He went to the ranch and soon established himself so firmly that the good man of law in charge of affairs became so jealous of the priest and raised such a continual disturbance over the matter that Mrs. Valencia induced him to

leave the place. This left the Monsignor with the balance of power in his hands, and he was not slow to make the most of it. He has since been engaged to marry a lady, Mrs. Valencia's young son, Pio, but in reality she is the master and manager of the whole place.

When this had been going on for some time McCauley, Mr. father of Mrs. Valencia, became suspicious of the remarkable intimacy which had sprung up between his daughter and the priest. He was not sure that anything wrong was going on, but he did not like the look of things, and naturally conceived a dislike for Capel, which very quickly increased into an absorbing hatred. McCauley was one of those gruff, hardy old pioneers, who are given to explorations outside the proper limits of the English language, and on more than one occasion he has been known to curse Capel to his face until he gasped for breath. Capel allowed all this contempt and vilification to pass unnoticed.

THE FATHER'S SUSPICIONS.

This unexpected mildness caused McCauley to become still more suspicious, and ere long he became fearful that Capel's designs extended even beyond debauchery. The old man was afraid that the monsignor was laying his plans to secure control of the entire property. McCauley's friends warned him that such were Capel's intentions beyond a doubt, and he made up his mind to take steps to prevent him from what would eventually become master of the whole ranch. The priest, said they, clearly possessed a wonderful influence over Mrs. Valencia's mind and action, and when McCauley should die, he would not be long in showing his hand, as the old gentleman will left the entire estate, real, personal and all, to Mr. Valencia, his daughter. McCauley thought this matter over very seriously, and at last came to the conclusion that he would make a new will leaving everything to his wife, Catherine. Accordingly, he telegraphed to Sacramento for a lawyer and a notary, and the next evening a new will was drawn up and signed by himself in the presence of his wife, the lawyer and the notary. The old man was very feeble at the time, and quite ill, but he was not long in showing, in spite of his 70 years, Mrs. Valencia and Capel were very eager to learn the contents of the will, and when they were informed the following morning Mrs. Valencia denounced the will as a scheme to defraud her out of her rights. She declared it in the presence of the lawyer, and that both she and Capel had gone out on the veranda the evening previous when the will was being executed, and had witnessed the whole transaction through a crack in the blinds of the window. She saw, she said, her father sound asleep in his chair, and the lawyer and notary and the man's hand over the paper in tracing the signature. Capel supported his friend's statement, but when the will was proved in Stockton, shortly after, it was shown to be the entire ratification that the document was genuine, and that the lawyer was in the right mind and conscious of what he did when he signed it. McCauley died about July 11th, this year, and the estate, including some valuable property in Missouri, went to the widow.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SEPARATE.

The new will was a source of constant bickering between Mrs. McCauley and her daughter, and finally led to the former leaving the ranch and going to her own home in San Francisco. She also left and returned to his wife. This left Mrs. Valencia and Capel alone in the house, with the exception of the little boy, but they ignored appearances and continued on the same familiar, if not intimate, relations as before. Scandal was rife to a great degree, and the brother, George, was heard to declare that he had good ground for his dislike to the priest.

A week or so after the separation Mrs. McCauley, George's wife, received an anonymous letter signed "A friend," which was followed by two others at intervals of a few days, and all urged her to get her husband to contest the will. From the expressions used and the seal of the wax the letters were believed to have come from Capel, who desired the will broken, but was fearful that if Mrs. Valencia made the contest she would lose all chance of inheritance on her mother's demise by antagonizing her. Capel next tried to induce Mrs. McCauley, or, to deed all of her property over to him, or else to her daughter, and promised to give her a life pension which would keep her most comfortably. The old lady, however, with much emphasis, however, and getting hold of her son George once more started with him for Missouri, where they still remain.

In the course of his investigation your correspondent paid a visit to the ranch and interviewed Mr. Capel. He seemed to feel very much at ease in the investigation when informed of his visitor's purpose, and seemed about to kick the unwelcome intruder out of doors, but simmered down and almost went.

"It is shamefully outrageous," said the monsignor. "What! that little woman in the daughter of one of California's oldest pioneers, and respected by everybody. I haven't a word to say one way or the other concerning the charges made against me by the people here, but just let me see anything in print and I shall know how to act. I am an Englishman."

Of Interest to Taxpayers.

New York, October 12.—Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision today of much importance to the taxpayers of New York directly, and to the entire country generally, involving many millions of dollars. About a year ago Receiver of Taxes George W. McLean levied a tax upon the shares of national banks. The banks, as representing the shareholders, resisted the demand of the receiver and obtained an injunction restraining him from collecting the tax. The decision of Judge Wallace is made by the court of thirty-five of the banks to have the injunction made permanent. The motion for an injunction is denied.

They Are Not Sorry.

There is one thing nobody ever regrets—that is, the day they first adopted Parker's Tonic as their regular family medicine. Its range is so wide and its good effects so sure, that nothing else, except good nursing, is needed in a great majority of cases. Buy it, try it, and afterward it will not require any praise from us.

Boat Upset by a Pickle.

ALEXANDRIA, MICH., October 12.—The Hon. Knute Nelson, who was picked up unconscious in the lake last night, revived this morning and is now able to walk about. While out fishing he hooked a big pickerel, and in his efforts to land him the boat turned suddenly and he fell into the water.

THERE is no better coal than Alabama Splint. Office, 278 Second street.

## THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS

AT NINETY-SIX INVESTIGATED BY A SCIENTIST.

Who Confirms the Reports Received—Noises Like the Report of Cannon.

CHARLESTON, S. C., October 12.—A local scientist, known to be an accurate observer, was recently selected to investigate the story of an earthquake which had been felt at Ninety Six, S. C., about thirty miles from Charleston, eighteen months past, and were increasing in frequency and vigor. His report confirms it. One influential farmer, J. McD. Kinard, living at the seat of the trouble, says he first heard the underground noise in January, 1885. It was then brief and dull, like the report of a cannon fired several miles from the observers. All others who were interviewed gave the same account of the noise, but did not notice until September of last year. Mr. Kinard heard the noise frequently the first day, but did not hear them again for several weeks. The longest period of rest between the sounds, all agreed, was just before the Charleston earthquake. The sound of that movement was similar, it was like the roaring of a train of cars and lasted longer than the others. The others were dull booms without repetitions. They all caused houses to shake and ashes to rattle. A party of railroad graders camped near Mr. Kinard's several months ago were badly frightened by the noises. For the two weeks before last week the noises were heard night and day, and few persons had a single night of sound rest. Ten reports were heard Sunday night of last week, two of them so heavy that Dr. T. S. Bly, whose scientific attainments make him a creditable witness, says he twice or three, thinking a thunder storm was passing, but the sky was clear. The reports have been heard at intervals ever since. John Williamson says one shock on that Sunday night made his house, a new one, rattle for half a minute. He had a regular experience the Monday evening following. He was picking cotton and was on his knees, when a shock came which jarred him all over and made him feel "pretty bad." These shocks come from the southwest and seem to be almost vertical impulses. The district affected is about ten miles square, covering what is known as the Cambridge lands. The soil is tenacious clay of great fertility. The country is traversed by two creeks which unite in Cambridge creek. The surface is gently undulating except in the central portion where the force of the shocks is the greatest. Here runs a high ridge, on each side of which is a deep and dusky hollow. Dr. Hamilton arrived from the shaken region today. He says the rumbling was more continuous last night than he ever knew it to be before, and the shocks were only surpassed by those which were felt when Charleston was so badly shaken. It was in that neighborhood in a deep valley that "Old Jockey Walker" used to hear the bombardment at Charleston during the war and count the reports. Dr. Bly insists that the noises are volcanic.

## The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

## Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

## Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from indigestion and headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach began to perform its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. B. Johnson, 533 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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BY MUTUAL CONSENT, the firm of Alston, Crowell & Co. is this day dissolved. E. W. Crowell retiring. The remaining partners, P. S. Alston and H. H. Maury, will continue the business at the old stand, corner Front and Union streets, assuming all liabilities and collecting all outstanding accounts.

Memphis, Tenn., September 1, 1886.

On retiring as above, I bespeak for my successors a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore extended the old firm.

E. W. CROWELL.  
P. S. ALSTON.  
H. H. MAURY.

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